

Silence

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Summary: Post-HtTYD2. There was something wrong with Hiccup. His friend. His rider. His brother in spirit. The boy with a dragon's soul. Spoilers for HtTYD2 sequel. You have been warned.

Silence

Any recognizable characters/situations do not belong to me, they belong to DreamWorks and whoever else has a right to it. And there are some spoilers for HtTYD2, so be warned.

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><p>He wasn't the same since The Incident.<p>

There was something wrong with Hiccup. His friend. His rider. His brother in spirit. The boy with a dragon's soul.

Dragons are sentient beings. They are intelligent. Night Furies, more so than most. Toothless, the only known Night Fury, prided himself in this. And he knew Stoick's son inside and out. He had noticed how Hiccup seemed a little more withdrawn. He threw himself into his work as chief, helping the new dragons settle in and helping the village overall, yet the spark, the joy, in him was gone. Nobody but he and Astrid noticed the wrongness of it all. Hiccup had lost his sense of freedom. Maybe he didn't want it back.

Indeed, it had been awhile since they had gone flying, mapping the world. Since the Itchy Armpit. (He hadn't meant this literally, but the name stuck.) Since Dragon Haven.

Hiccup (had) always confided in him, after all, dragons can't spill their secrets (to those that mattered). But recently, he pushed away Toothless, and was soon avoiding him. If he absolutely had to speak to his dragon, it would be a brief 'conversation,' with the boy

speaking in a strained, snappy tone. At the worst, a silent tension.

Toothless didn't appreciate this. He needed his friend back.

The Incident, to be specific, was when he was brainwashed by the former Bewilderbeast alpha. When the alpha forced him to try and kill Hiccup, only to kill his father. Right after Valka got him back.

Toothless growled at Drago Bludvist, the Mad Man. Why his rider seemed so intent on making peace, when all he wanted was bloodshed and power, was lost to him. He only curled tighter around the skinny boy when Drago's Bewilderbeast, different from the one he held respect for, rose from the murky water surrounding the dragon paradise. And then...

_ 'I am your master. Bow down to me.' The voice was so full of anger, so full of agony._

_ 'No!' But suddenly, the Night Fury felt himself submit._

His pupils dilated, and he lost most of his senses, so much so he had to metaphorically lean on the new Alpha. Which meant handing the reigns, handing control to the monster. Everything became a dreamy smudge.

_ 'Kill the boy.' _

_ 'Yes master.' Deep inside his subconscious, he was screaming at himself to just stop. Yet his body kept going, targeting the blurry human in front of him. His ears were closed to any of his pleas for mercy. He crept up on the boy, like he would prey. Hiccup. Prey. This wasn't right! He threw himself against the iron curtain of control, willing himself to falter in his hunt. No effect._

_Closer. Vague twoleg _(or was it oneleg now?)_ pressed up against aqua-blue shard. Someone screaming at him to stop, someone who wasn't the victim. Unwillingly preparing himself for the fatal blow._

Plasma licked his throat as he charged up a blast. Maw opening; and firing.

The Alpha's hold on him slipped, and the world came into focus. Too late. Fire, smoke... Did he really? But no, Hiccup was there, alive, frantically pushing bits of ice off of a larger form. Off of Stoick. The smell of burnt flesh, of death. Of a dragon raid turned too violent. Valka feeling for the life-beat in her mate's massive chest, and only hearing silence. Gobber standing respectfully a ways away. Toothless crept closer, confused as to why the chief wouldn't get up. Why his best friend was sobbing, pushing him away. "No, get away from him! Go on, get out of here! Get away!"

Everything faded away again as he glared at the massive Alpha in extreme hate, disbelief, betrayal, but not before he heard, "It wasn't his fault. You know that."

He could never forgive himself. And Hiccup didn't seem to fully forgive him either. Saving his life helped, but not enough. Nothing

was ever enough. There would always be a scar, waiting to be reopened at the slightest touch.

"Toothless? Hey, it's me, bud. I'm right here. Come back to me. Hey, it wasn't your fault, bud. They... made you do it. You would never hurt him, you would never hurt me! Please, you.. are my best friend... My best friend..." The unknown threat in front of him came closer and closer, solidifying into Hiccup. His mind cleared instantly. 'Drago is on my back. Drago is riding me.' While it was petty, this thought disgusted him more than eating eel, and he wasted no time in throwing the scarred onearm off. Dragon and rider embraced, with Hiccup on his back again.

_Neither noticed the ice-blast from the Dark Alpha until there was only enough time for black wings to once again protect his brother from harm. _After all, this was his duty, his destiny, in life. To protect his twin soul.

_Toothless' eyes widened at the freezing cold ice. It was hard to move; they were trapped. No way out. Again, it was this thought that horrified him. A Night Fury - trapped? This was unacceptable! _Yes. He knows he's selfish. Don't rub it in. _Something in him grew warm, unbearably so. The power vied for release. He granted its wish._

It was freeing. Both physically and figuratively. The jagged iceberg broke apart from the heat, leaving Toothless and Hiccup unharmed. A more comfortable feeling was left behind, but power ran under the surface. Fury unadulterated grew, how dare the unworthy Bewilderbeast attack the Dragon Master?

_He shot plasma blast after plasma blast at the offending monster, only stopping when the rest of the enslaved dragons shook off their trance and joined him. Together, they took down the disgraced giant, Toothless saving Hiccup from smashing into said Alpha's tail _ (again)_._

Toothless rolled around in the delicious grass, letting go of his worries for now. Only time would heal their family's wounds, not obsessing over it. Hiccup hated to be fussed over. Not like he could understand precisely what the obsidian dragon was saying anyway.

The sound of two pairs of footsteps, one achingly familiar, made Toothless look up hopefully.

"Hey bud. Look, I'm... I'm really sorry."

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><p>AN: Aaaaand that's it. Watched the movie couple days ago and this was born. Unfortunately, I was too busy crying over Stoick's death, and wasn't able to remember the flashbacks accurately... R&R!

And... I've been thinking of making a new chapter for this story, about his and Toothless' make up. I'm not entirely sure how to go about it, or if I should even do it at all, this is my first HtTYD fic. Any thoughts?

End
file.